

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Doug. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remaines a sweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no deuifion; it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lendes a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it toſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, at this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rih. Vernon.

Henrie the ſecond

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welco

Ver. Pray God my newes be v
The Earle of *Weſmerland*, ſeauen th
Is marching hitherwards, with P

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further, I haue learn
The King himſelfe in perſon hat
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedil
With ſtrong and mightie prepara

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too
The nimble-footed madcap, *Prim*
And his Cumrades, that daſt the
And bid it paſſe?

Ver. All furniſht? all in Arme
All plumde like Eſtriges, that wit
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately
Glittering in golden Coates like
As full of ſpirit as the month of M
And gorgious as the Sunne at M
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wil
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beu
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallan
Riſe from the ground like feather
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into
As if an Angell dropt downe from
To turne and winde a fiery *Pega*
And witch the world with noble

Hot. No more, no more; worſe
This prayſe doth nourish Agueſ
They come like Sacrifices in the
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſu
All hot and bleeding, will we off
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his A
Vp to the eares in Blood. I am on
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo
And yet not ours. Come, let me t
Who is to beare me like a thunder
Againſt the beſome of the *Prince*

H. 2

Hot.